He made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe,
And chid his trewant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſtered there a double ſpirit
Of teaching, and of learning inſtantly :
There did he pauſe, but let me tell the world,
If he out-liue the enuy of this day,
England did neuer owe ſo ſweete a hope,
So much miſconſtred in his wantonneſſe.
Hot. Couſin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies : neuer did I heare
Of any Prince ſo wild at liberty :
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my courteſie.
Arme, arme with ſpeede, and fellow Souldiers, friends,
Better conſider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood vp with perſwaſion. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Meſſ. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now,
O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort :
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long :
If life did ride vpon a Dials poynt,
Still ended at the arriuall of an hower,
And if he liue, we liue to tread on Kings:
If die, braue death when Princes die with vs.
Now for our Conſciences, the armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iuſt. *Enter another.*
Meſſ. My Lord, prepare, the *King* comes on apace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale :
For I profeſſe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his beſt ; and here draw I a Sword,
Whoſe temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meete withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on,
Sound all the lofty inſtruments of warre,
And by that muſicke, let vs all imbrace,

For

For heauen to earth, ſome of vs neuer ſhall
A ſecond time doe ſuch a courteſie.
Heere they embrace, the Trumpets ſound, the King
his power, alarum to the battell : then enter Dow
Walter Blunt.
Blunt. What is thy name that in Battell thus thou
What honour doſt thou ſeeke vpon my head ?
Dow. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And I doe haunt thee in the battell thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a King.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* deare to day hath bou
Thy likeneſſe, for in ſtead of thee, King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as a priſoner.
Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld, thou proud Scot
And thou ſhalt find a King that will reuenge
Lord *Staffords* death.
They fight; Dowglas kils Blunt; then enters Hot
Hot. O *Dowglas*? hadſt thou fought at *Holmsdon*
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Scot.
Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathleſſe lies th
Hot. Where ? *Dow.* Heer
Hot. This *Dowglas*? No, I know, this face full
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt* ;
Semblably furniſht like the King himſelfe.
Dowg. Ah foole, goe with thy ſoule whither it g
A borrowed title haſt thou bought too deare.
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou wert a King ?
Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coat
Dowg. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coa
Ile murder all his Wardrope, piece by piece,
Vntill I meete the King. *Hot.* Vp and aw
Our ſouldiers ſtand full fairely for the day.
Alarum, enter Falſtaffe ſolus.
Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at *London*,
ſhot heere: heere's no ſcoring but vpon the pate. So
you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's honour for you, heere'